

Tori Amos

The Bee Sides



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Home On The Range: Cherokee Edition

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

Chords:

- Guitar Chords:** C, F, G
- Piano Chords:** C, F

Lyrics:

give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam where the deer and the
 Jack - son made deals, a thief down to his heels, had a

an - te - lope play where sel - dom is heard a dis -
 long trail of tears, the Smok - ies could hide

F C G C
 cour - ag - ing — word and the skies — are not cloud - y all day. }
 Cher - o - kee — bride, her brave — was shot yes - ter - day.

C Fsus4 C
 S: home on — the range where the deer and the

G C
 an - te - lope — play where sel - dom is — heard a dis -

F C G C
 cour - ag - ing — word and skies — are not cloud - y all day.
 to Coda \oplus *D.C., then continue*

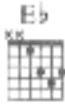
Mmm,
Home, home on the range
we know it's not Car-o-al-ways
the Smok-ies

line
hide your home is your home the range may be
Cher-o-kee bride but in her

fine eyes for some know but not in my eyes.
we it's not Car-o-line.

Gm

f







Yes, ——————
 yes ——————
 Ab Eb F Ab Eb
 Amer - i - ca! —————— Hey, ah, —————— A -
 Csus4 F Ab Eb
 mer - i - ca! —————— Oh who dis - cov - ered —————— your ass? ——————
 Fsus4 F C
 ——————
 The white man came,
 p

F C G C

D.S. al Coda ♪

this land is my land, this is your land they sang.

♪ Coda

C G

day, and the skies are not cloud - y all

C F C G C

rif.

day, and the skies are not cloud - y all day.

rif. *pp*



Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Well Jackson made deals, a thief down to his heels,
Had a long trail of tears
The Smokies could hide Cherokee bride,
Her brave was shot yesterday.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Mmm, we know it's not Caroline
Your home is your home the range
May be fine for some but not in my eyes.
Home, home on the range
The Smokies always hide
Cherokee bride but in her eyes
We know it's not Caroline.

Yes, yes America!
Hey, ah, America!
Oh, who discovered your ass?
The white man came, this land is my land,
This is your land they sang.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day,
And the skies are not cloudy all day,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Song For Eric

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Freely

a cappella





I wait all day for my sailor and sometimes he comes.
See you over hill and dale
Riding on the wind.
I see you know me, you know me like the nightingale.
"Oh, fair maiden, I see you standing there."
Will you hold me for just a fair time.
The tune is playing in the fair night.
I see you in my dreams,
Fair boy your eyes, haunt me...

Here. In My Head

Words and Music by Tori Amos

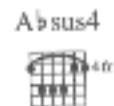
Moderately flowing

N.C.

N.C.

with pedal

Musical score for piano, showing measures 11-14. The score consists of three staves: treble, bass, and piano (right hand). The treble staff starts with a rest followed by a forte dynamic. The bass staff has eighth-note patterns. The piano staff has eighth-note patterns in measures 11-13, transitioning to sixteenth-note patterns in measure 14.



In my head I found you

Music staff: Treble clef, B-flat key signature (4 flats), common time. Bass staff: Bass clef, B-flat key signature (4 flats), common time.



there and run-ning a - round and

Music staff: Treble clef, B-flat key signature (4 flats), common time. Bass staff: Bass clef, B-flat key signature (4 flats), common time.

Abm



fol-low-ing me but you — don't —

Music staff: Treble clef, B-flat key signature (4 flats), common time. Bass staff: Bass clef, B-flat key signature (4 flats), common time.



oh — dare —

Music staff: Treble clef, B-flat key signature (4 flats), common time. Bass staff: Bass clef, B-flat key signature (4 flats), common time.

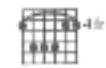
Eb5addb6



Gb



Ab sus4



Eb5addb6

now.
(D.S.) I,

But

I held your hand that I have



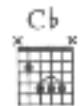
Gb



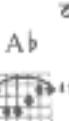
Abm

now
andmore than I
e - ven for - ev - er
got whatwant - ed
time it was

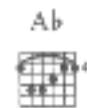
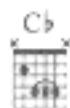
too.

So
And may - be - } Thom - as Jef-fer - son - was - n't born

e - ven - }



4th



May - be I'm just the ho - ri - zon you run to when

Gb

Ab

Eb5addb6

she has left you { there, and you, me

Gb

Ab sus4

Eb5addb6

Gb

all here

a - here in my - head
alone on the floor,

and you're

run - ning a -
count - ing my

Abm



round and call - ing me come back I'll
feath - ers as the bells toll you see the

C_b C_b
 Show you the ros - es and brush off the snow and o - pen their
 bow and the belt and the girl from the south all fav - rites of

A_b C_b
 pet - als a - gain and a - gain and you know that up - ple green
 mine you know them all - well and spring brings fresh lit - le

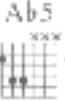
A_b7sus4 A_b
 ice cream can melt in your hands I can't so
 pud - dles that makes it all

C_b A_b
 D.S. al Coda ♫

♫ Coda A_b7sus4
 clear, makes it all... do you

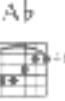
cresc.



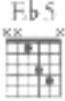


 know. Hey... do you



 know... what this is



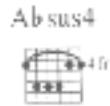


 do - ing to me?—

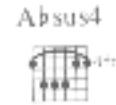
N.C.

Here!

L.H.

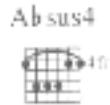


Here.



here,

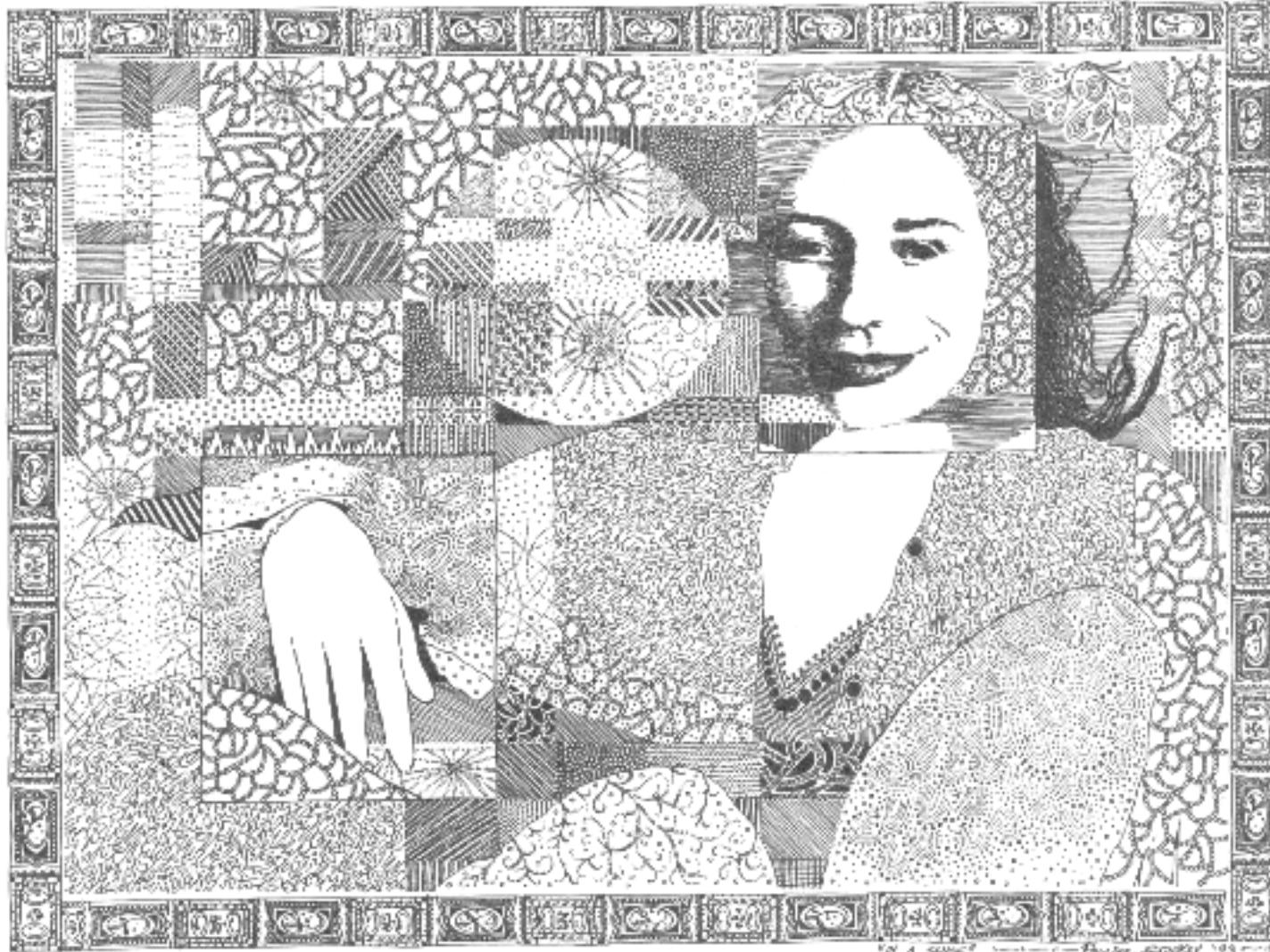
here in my



head.



rit.



In my head I found you there
And running around and following me
But you don't, oh, dare, now.
But I find that I have, now, more
Than I ever wanted too

So maybe Thomas Jefferson wasn't born
In your backyard like you have said and
Maybe I'm just the horizon you run to when she has left
You there, you, all here in my head and
Running around and calling me come back
I'll show you the roses and brush off the snow and
Open their petals again and again and you know that
Apple green ice cream can melt in your hands I can't so...

I, I held your hand at the fair and
Even forgot what time it was
And even Thomas Jefferson wasn't born
In your backyard like you said and
Maybe I'm just the horizon you run to
When she has left you and me here alone on the floor,
You're counting my feathers as the bells toll
You see the bow and belt and the girl from the south all
Favorites of mine you know them all well
And spring brings fresh little puddles that makes it all clear makes it all...
Do you know, hey, do you know, what this is doing to me?
Here in my head.

Daisy Dead Petals

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately



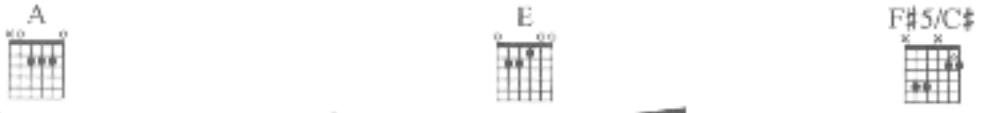
Dai-sy Dead Pet als that is her name... She's in the phone booth



phase, so un-der neath the shade of a pep-per-mint tray,



she can turn it out with a heal on she just rides in - to town

know-ing what they'll say, know-ing they're a round the cor-ner.


 Got a crack in, got a crack in some strange plac - es.


 Dai-sy Dead Pet-als, that is her name. So


 may-be she tastes like a ham - burg-er maid, well, these dead pet-als.

C♯5/F♯



hon-ey, brought me here. —

Ah, —

She said,

C♯5/B



C♯5/F♯



“These dead pet-als, hon-ey, brought me here.” —

Danc-ing on a dime, bear-ing moth-er ery,

A



may-be she's a - round the cor - ner.

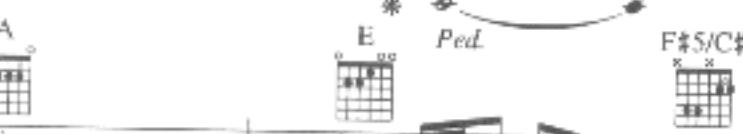
Got a crack _ in,

Ped.

*



 got a crack in some strange plac - es.

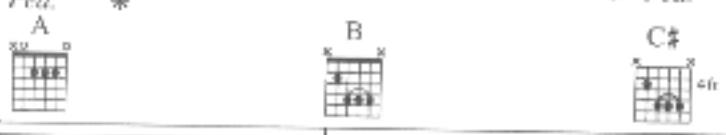


 On my back with, on my back with some dirt-y dish - es.

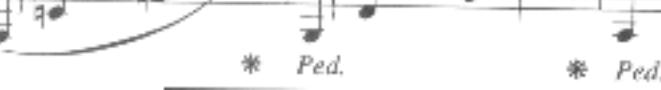
Slower, freer tempo

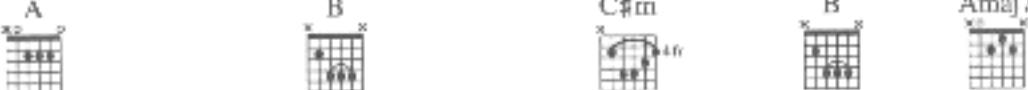


 Fall - ing down, fall - ing down, all o - ver the riv - er.



 Full - ing down, fall - ing down, fall - ing down.





 Wish what I'm feel - ing could go on like this for - ev - er.



 Fall - ing down, fall - ing down, fall - ing down. —

Tempo 1


 And since we're down might as well stay, might as well fry some eggs -



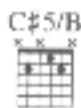
 — and wave to the shade of the pep-per-mint tray.



She's a new friend not a skel - e - ton to ride in - to town.

f

Know-ing what they'll say, know-ing she tastes like a ham - burg-er maid but



"These dead pet-als, hon-ey, brought me here."

mf



N.C.

She said, "These dead pet-als, hon-ey, brought me here."



Daisy Dead Petals that is her name,
She's in the phone booth phase, so
Underneath the shade of a peppermint tray,
She can turn it out with a heel on she just rides into town
Knowing what they'll say, knowing they're around the corner.
Got a crack in, got a crack in some strange places.

Daisy Dead Petals, that is her name,
So maybe she tastes like a hamburger maid, well,
These dead petals, honey, brought me here.
She said, "These dead petals, honey, brought me here."

Dancing on a dime, hearing mother cry,
Maybe she's around the corner.

Got a crack in, got a crack in some strange places,
On my back with, on my back with some dirty dishes.

Falling down, falling down, all over the river.
Falling down, falling down, falling down.

Wish what I'm feeling could go on like this forever.
Falling down, falling down, falling down.

And since we're down might as well stay,
Might as well fry some eggs
And wave to the shade of the peppermint tray.
She's a new friend not a skeleton to ride into town,
Knowing what they'll say, knowing she tastes like a hamburger maid, but
"These dead petals, honey, brought me here."
She said, "These dead petals, honey, brought me here."

Sister Janet

Moderately slow

with pedal

1. Mas ter Sha - man, I you have have

2. Sis ter Ja - net,

come come

with my dol - ly from the shad-ow side, sun, —

from the wom-an clothed with the

G[#]5  B  G[#]5 

 with a de-mon and an Eng - lish - man.
 your veil is qui - et - ly be - com - ing none
 I'm _____ my moth -
 Call _____ the Wan -
 cresc.

B  G[#]5  B 

 - er,
 - der - er,
 I'm my son.
 he has gone.

G[#]5  B  F[#]5  G[#]5 

 No - bud - y else
 All those up there
 is slipping the blade in eas -
 are making it look so eas -

B  F[#]5  G[#]5  B  F[#]5 

 - y.
 - y.
 No - hod - y else
 With your per - fect wings, is

G \sharp 5  4fr

B 

F \sharp 5 

slip - ping the blade in the mar - ma - lade. }
 a wing can cov - er all sorts of things. }

B  F \sharp  G \sharp m  Eadd9  B  F \sharp 

But all the an - gels and all the

G \sharp m  Eadd9  B  F \sharp  G \sharp m 

wiz - ards, black and white, are light - ing

C \sharp 7  Eadd9  B  F \sharp 

can - dles in our hands. Can you feel.

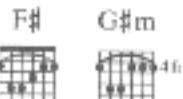
G#m Eadd9 B F# G#m Eadd9
     

— them, — yes, — touch-ing hands — be — fore our

B F# G#m C#7
   

eyes — and — I can e — ven see sweet — Mar — i —

2. Eadd9



anne.

Hey,

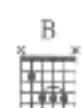
yes!

cresc.

f



C#7

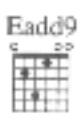


This a - gain, -

well -

I

G#m



think I could try this

rit.

once a - gain, -

rit.



Master Sharman, I have come with my dolly from the shadow side,
With a demon and an Englishman. I'm my mother, I'm my son.
Nobody else is slipping the blade in easy.
Nobody else is slipping the blade in the marmalade.

But all the angels and all the wizards, black and white,
Are lighting candles in our hands.
Can you feel them, yes, touching hands before our eyes
And I can even see sweet Marianne.

Sister Janet, you have come from the woman clothed with the sun,
Your veil is quietly becoming none. Call the Wanderer, he has gone.
All those up there are making it look so easy.
With your perfect wings,
A wing can cover all sorts of things.

Hey, yes! This again, well I think I could try this once again.
But all the angels and all the wizards, black and white,
Are lighting candles in our hands.
Can you feel them, yes, touching hands before our eyes
And I can even see sweet Marianne.

Butterfly

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly

Bm

D

E7sus4























































































































<img alt="Guitar chord diagram for Bm" data-bbox="155 8500 205

Bm  D  E7sus4  G 

- at ho - hole of yours. One ways, now, and
 you can't stain their p-pretty shoes and porn poms and

A  Dmaj7  Bm7 

Sat -ur - days _ and our kit - tens _ all wrapped in _ ce - ment. From.
 cher-ry blondes _ and their kit - tens _ still wrapped in _ ce - ment. From.

Gmaj7  A  D 

crad - le _ } to _ gum - drops_ got me run - ning girl as
 God's sav - iors

Bm7  Em  Bm 

fast as _ I _ can and is it right, but - ter - fly, they

Em  Bm  A 

like you bet - ter framed and dried - ied

G  D  Bm/E 

ah ah ah ah ah - ied

rit. *a tempo*

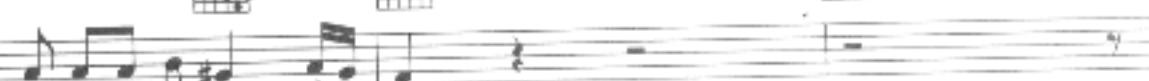
D  E7sus4  Bm  I. D  E7sus4 

1. D  E7sus4  Bm7  E/B  D  E 

Got a pret - ty, pret - ty gar-den, pret - ty gar-den, yes -

Got me a pretty, pretty garden,





 a pret-ty gar-den, yes. — Got me a

Bm7 E/B D E7sus4 E

pretty pretty garden a pretty garden



Stinky soul, get a little lost in my own,
Hey General, need a little love in that hole of yours.
One ways, now, and Saturdays and our kittens all wrapped in cement.
From cradle to gum drops
Got me running girl as fast as I can and
Is it right, butterfly, they like you better framed and dried.

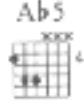
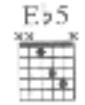
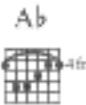
Daddy dear, if I can kill one man why not two?
Well, nurses smile when you got iron veins
You can't stain their pretty shoes and pom poms and cherry blondes
And their kittens still wrapped in cement.
From God's saviors to gumdrops
Got me running girl as fast as I can and
Is it right, butterfly, they like you better framed and dried.

Got a pretty, pretty garden, pretty garden, yes.
Got me a pretty, pretty garden, a pretty garden, yes.
Got me a pretty, pretty garden, a pretty garden.

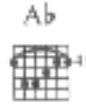
Mary

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slow, steady 4

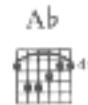
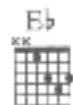


Music score for piano and bass. The piano part consists of eighth-note chords. The bass part consists of eighth-note chords. The section ends with lyrics: "Ev-'ry-bod-y wants some-thing from - you, ev-'ry-bod-y want a piece of Mar - y".



Ev-'ry-bod-y wants some-thing from - you, ev-'ry-bod-y want a piece of Mar - y

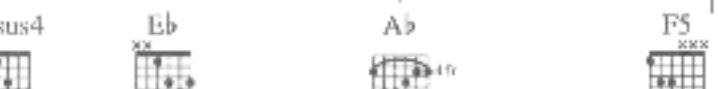
Music score for piano and bass. The piano part consists of eighth-note chords. The bass part consists of eighth-note chords. The section ends with lyrics: "Lush val-ley all dressed in green, just ripe for the pick - ing".



Lush val-ley all dressed in green, just ripe for the pick - ing

Eb^{sus4} Eb Ab F5


1. God, I want to get you out of here., you can ride in a pink Mus - tung.
 2. Ev - 'ry-bod - y wants you sweetheart, ev - 'ry-bod - y got a dream of glor - y.

Eb^{sus4} Eb Ab F5


When I think of what we've done to you, oh, Mar - y, can you hear me?
 Las - Ve-gas got a pin - up girl they got her armed as they buy and sell her.

Eb^{sus4} Eb Ab F5


Grow-ing up is - n't al - ways fun, they tore your dress and stole your rib - bons.
 Riv - ers of milk run - ning dry, can't you hear the dol - phins cry - ing?

Eb^{sus4} Eb Ab I⁵


N.C.
 They see you cry, they lick their lips, but but - ter - flies don't be-long in nets, } Oh,
 What'll we do when our ba - bies scream, fill their mouths with some ac - id rain?

S  F5
 Mar - y, can you hear me? Mar - y, you're bleed - ing. Mar - y, don't be af - raid.
 Ebsus4  Eb  B7 A bass  Gm N.C.

We're just wak - ing up and I hear help is on the way.
 F5  Fadd9 

Mar - y, can you hear me? Mar - y, like Jim-my said. Mar - y, don't be af - raid.
 Ebsus4  Eb/G  Eb/Bb Bb A bass  Gm Eb  to Coda ♪

'Cause e - ven the wind, e - ven the wind e - ven the wind cries your name.
mf

1. B_b

A_b5

2. B_b

Na na na

D_b

E_b

B_b

na na na na na na na na. Na na na

D_b

E_b

B_b

na na na na na na na na. Na na na

cresc. poco a poco

D_b E_b A_b F5 N.C.

D.S. al Coda ♪

na na na na na na Oh, but-ter-flies don't be-long in nets...

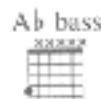
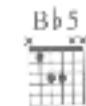
Coda



Yes, e - ven the wind ____ cries your name. ____

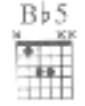


Yes, e - ven the wind ____ cries your name. ____



cries your name,

cries your



name,

cries your name...

rit.

rit.



Everybody wants something from you,
Everybody want a piece of Mary
Lush valley all dressed in green,
Just ripe for the picking.

God, I want to get you out of here,
You can ride in a pink Mustang.
When I think of what we've done to you,
Oh, Mary, can you hear me?

Growing up isn't always fun,
They tore your dress and stole your ribbons.
They see you cry, they lick their lips,
But butterflies don't belong in nets.

Oh, Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, you're bleeding. Mary, don't be afraid.
We're just waking up and I hear help is on the way.
Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, like Jimmy said. Mary, don't be afraid.
'Cause even the wind, even the wind cries your name.

Ev'rybody wants you sweetheart,
Ev'rybody got a dream of glory.
Las Vegas got a pinup girl
They got her armed as they buy and sell her.
Rivers of milk running dry,
Can't you hear the dolphins crying?
What'll we do when our babies scream,
Fill their mouths with some acid rain?

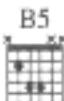
Oh, Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, you're bleeding. Mary, don't be afraid.
We're just waking up and I hear help is on the way.
Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, like Jimmy said. Mary, don't be afraid.
'Cause even the wind, even the wind cries your name.

Oh, butterflies don't belong in nets.

Sugar

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slow and sustained, in 2



Don't say morn-ing's come...

mp
R.H.
L.H.

D5 E5 B5 D5 E5

Don't say it's up to me...

B5 D5 E5 B5

If I could take twen-ty-five min-utes out of the re-cord_hooks...

Dadd9



Bm add11



A



Asus4

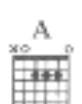
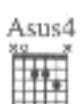


and Sug-ar, Sug-ar,

bring me he brings me Sug-ar,

I know the As far as

mf



rob-ins bring.— I can tell —

bring me man-y things but I've been gone... for

miles ... now...



You know ... and I know ...

I don't know.

G5

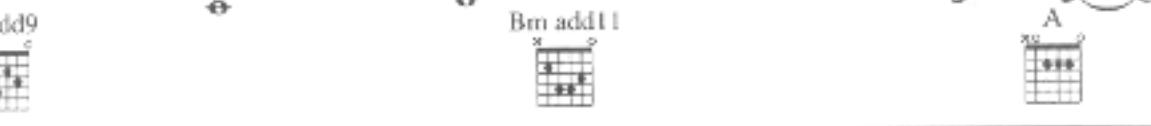


me

ver-y well

and

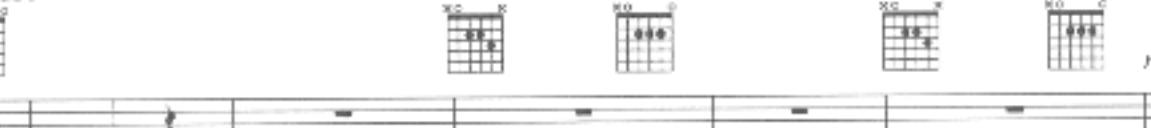
 I know _ and you know _ if they found _ me out...



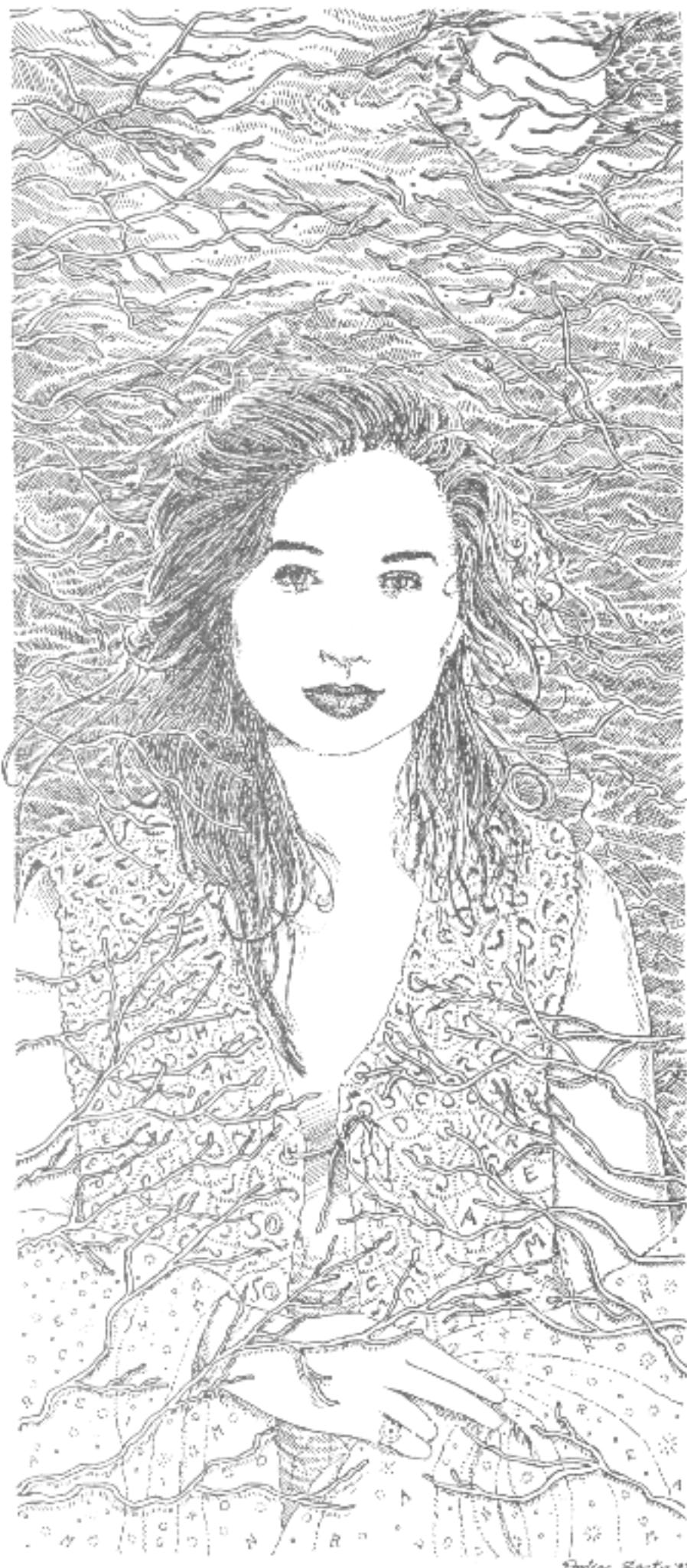
 Sug-ar, _____ he brings me Sug-ar, _____ I know the



 rob ins bring, _____ they bring me man-y things but Sug-ar, _____ Oh, _____



 Sug-ar! _____ repeat and fade



Don't say morning's come.
Don't say it's up to me.
If I could take twenty five minutes
Out of the record books.
Sugar, he brings me Sugar.

Bobby's collecting bees
And hammers he used one on me.
Cold war with little boys
Get in with a bubble gum trade and

Sugar, bring me Sugar.
I know the robins bring, bring me many things but
Sugar, he brings me Sugar.
As far as I can tell
I've been gone for miles now.

You know and I know I don't know me very well
And I know and you know if they found me out.
Sugar, he brings me Sugar.
I know the robins bring, they bring me many things,
But Sugar, he brings me Sugar.

Flying Dutchman

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, with a driving beat



Music score for the beginning of the song, featuring piano and bass parts. The piano part consists of eighth-note chords. The bass part consists of eighth-note patterns. The vocal part begins with a piano introduction.

1. Gsus4 G Gsus2

2. Gsus4 G N.C.

Eb

Hey, kid,
Straight suits,

D

I've got a ride for you.
— they don't un - der - stand.

They say,
 She tried your brain is a com - ic book _ tat - too _
 that one with the al - li - ga - tor boots.



and you'll nev - er be an - y - thing.
 but the oth - er side drew her in.

What will _ you do with _ your life, oh, _ that's all _
 Heart fall - ing fast when _ she left, even _ the Milk -

— you hear _ from noon till _ night. }
 y Way— was dressed in _ black.

D 
 G 
 Bm 
 Cadd9 

Take a trip on a rock - et ship, — ba-by, where the sea is the sky.

mp lighter

Bm 
 Cadd9 
 A 
 G 
 D 

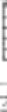
I know the guy who runs the place and he's out of sight.

cresc.

Fsus4 
 F 
 Csus4 
 C 
 Gsus4 
 G 

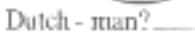
Fly - ing Dutch - man are you

f

Gsus4 
 G 
 Fsus4 
 F 
 Csus4 
 C 

out — there? Fly - ing Dutch - man

Gsus4  G  Gsus4  G  Fsus4  F 
 are you out there. Fly ing

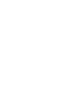
Csus4  C  Gsus4  G  Gsus4  G  N.C.  Gsus4  G 
 to Coda ♪ 1.  2. 
 Dutch - man?  'Cause they can't

Bb  Cadd9  Bb  G 
 see what you're born to be. They can

Bb  Cadd9  Gsus2 
 see me. They can't

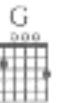
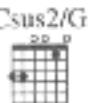
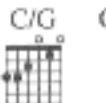




<img alt="

Fsus4/C F/C Fsus2/C Csus4/G C/G Csus2/G Gsus4 G N.C.



N.C.

They



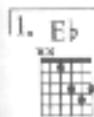
keep the boys — spin-ning in their own lit - tle world.

金地



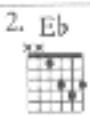
ah! —

Tie him up and so he won't say a word. }
So afraid he'll be what they never were.



Ah, _____

uh! _____



110



D.S. et al. *Coda* 6

They Ah.



Coda

Gsus4



G



Fsus4



F



Fsus2

Fsus4/C



E/C



Fsus2/C



'Cause they can see.

f

Csus4/G



C/G



Csus2/G



Gsus4



G



repeat ad-lib

Fsus4



F



Fsus2



'Cause they see.

8

Fsus4/C



E/C



Fsus2/C



Fsus4/G



E/G



Fsus4/G E/G



Csus4/G



G5



8

rit. poco a poco



Hey kid, I've got a ride for you.
They say, your brain is a comic book tattoo
And you'll never be anything.
What will you do with your life, oh,
That's all you hear from noon till night.

Take a trip on a rocket ship, baby, where the sea is the sky.
I know the guy who runs the place and he's out of sight.
Flying Dutchman are you out there?
Flying Dutchman are you out there, Flying Dutchman?

Straight suits, they don't understand.
She tried that one with the alligator boots but the other side drew her in.
Heart falling fast when she left, even the Milky Way was dressed in black.

Take a trip on a rocket ship, baby, where the sea is the sky.
I know the guy who runs the place and he's out of sight.
Flying Dutchman are you out there?
Flying Dutchman are you out there, Flying Dutchman?

'Cause they can't see what you're born to be.
They can see me.
They can't be
What they can't believe.
They can see what you see.

They keep the boys spinning in their own little world.
Tie him up so he won't say a word.
They keep the boys spinning in their own little world.
So afraid he'll be what they never were.

Take To The Sky

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, with a strong beat

A5 C5 D5 A5 C5 D5

This house is like

A5 C5 D5 A5 C5 D5

Rus-sia with eyes cold and gray, You got me moving in a

A5 C5 D5 A5 C5 D5

circle, I dyed my hair red to-day, I just want a little

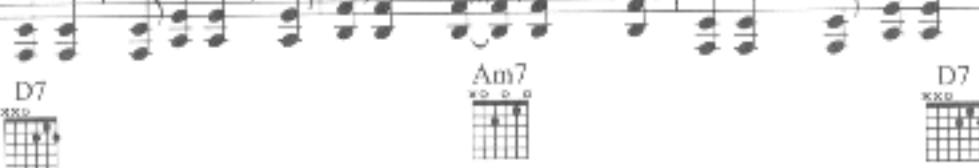

 A5 C5 D5

1. pas - sion to hold me in the dark, I know I got some
 2. o - cean it gets in the way, So close to touch-ing

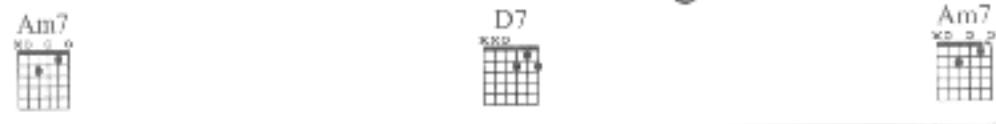

 mp


 A5 C5 D5 A5 C5 D5

mu - gic bur - ied, bur - ied deep in my heart, yeah. But my priest says, }
 free - dom then I hear the guards call my name. And my priest says, }


 D7 Am7 D7

"You ain't sav - ing no souls." My fa - ther says, "You ain't mak - in' an - y


 Am7 D7 Am7

mon - ey." My doc - tor says, "You just took it to the lim - it," and here I


 Am7 D7 Am7

D7 Am7 F C D

stand with this, a sword in my hand. You can say it one more time,

F C D F C G

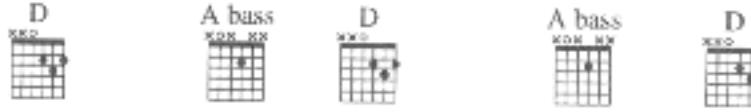
What you don't like. Let me hear it one more time, then

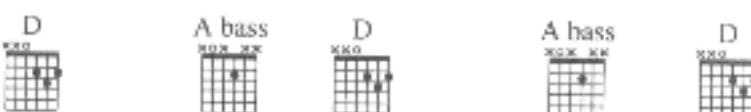
D N.C. C5 D5 A5 C5 D5

have a seat while I take to the sky, take to the sky...

1. A5 C5 D5 2. A5 C5 D5

My heart is like the


 If you don't like me just a lit-tle, well, Why do you hang a-round?
mf *p*

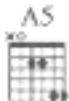

 If you don't like me just a lit-tle, well, Why do you hang a-round?
p

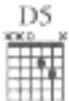
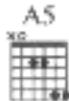
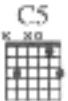

 If you don't like me just a lit-tle, well, Why do you *yes* *take it, take it, take it, take it,*
p


take it!

This house

p

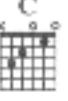


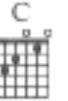
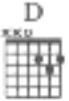

is like Rus-sia.

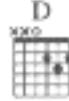




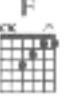
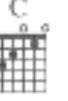
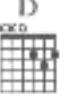



You can say it one more time.

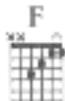
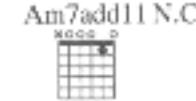
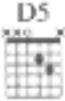



You can say it one more time.

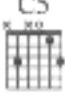







You can say it one more time. What you don't like.

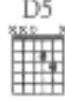
Let me hear it one more time, then have a seat while I take to the sky.

take to the sky, take to the sky, take to the sky,

take to the sky, take to the sky, take to the sky,

take to the sky, take to the sky,



This house is like Russia with eyes cold and grey,
You got me moving in a circle, I dyed my hair red today.

I just want a little passion to hold me in the dark,
I know I got some magic buried, buried deep in my heart, yeah!
But my priest says, "You ain't saving no souls."
My father says, "You ain't makin' any money."
My doctor says, "You just took it to the limit."
And here I stand with this sword in my hand.

You can say it one more time, what you don't like.
Let me hear it one more time
Then have a seat while I take to the sky, take to the sky.

My heart is like the ocean it gets in the way,
So close to touching freedom then I hear the guards call my name.
And my priest says, "You ain't saving no souls."
My father says, "You ain't makin' any money."
My doctor says, "You just took it to the limit."
And here I stand with this sword in my hand.

You can say it one more time, what you don't like.
Let me hear it one more time
Then have a seat while I take to the sky, take to the sky.

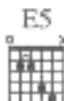
If you don't like me just a little, well, why do you hang around?
If you don't like me just a little, well, why do you hang around?
If you don't like me just a little, well, why do you take it, take it, take it?

This house is like Russia.
You can say it one more time, you can say it one more time.
You can say it one more time, what you don't like.
Let me here it one more time
Then have a seat while I take to the sky, take to the sky,
Take to the sky, take to the sky, take to the sky.

Humpty Dumpty

Words and Music by Tori Amos

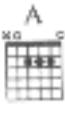
Moderate with a bluesy feel




1. Hump-ty Dump-ty _____ sat on the wall, _____
 2. (D.S.) Hump-ty Dump-ty _____ sat on the wall, _____



Hump ty Dump-ty had a great, _____ great fall, _____ and } All the king's hors - es and
 looked at her as he was, _____ fall - ing, _____ and }

 A  E5  G5  A

take _ me to the riv - er. _ 'Cause I like _ the way it

 E5  G5  A  E5  G5

runs, _ yeah, _ Take _ me to the riv - er, _ ah,

 A  E5  G5  A

You know I like the way it runs, _ yeah!" _ He said,

 D7  G  Cmaj7

"Ah, _ ooh, _ ev - 'ry-thing's go - ing my

p *sim.*

Gmaj9



Cmaj7



Gmaj9



way." He said, "May-be it's my

Cmaj7



Gmaj9



Cmaj7



1 - 1 - luck - y day." I said, "Oh,

Gmaj9



Cmaj7



Gmaj9



an - y - thing you want I can give." She said,

Cmaj7



Gmaj9



Cmaj7



"I want to take your pic - ture, mm, just for

Gmaj9


 me." He said, "An - y - thing." She said,

Cmaj7


 "Up - there, ba - by, *cresc.*

Gmaj9


 na, na, na get on the wall, babe, ah."

E5


 G5


 A N.C.
D.S. al Coda ♪

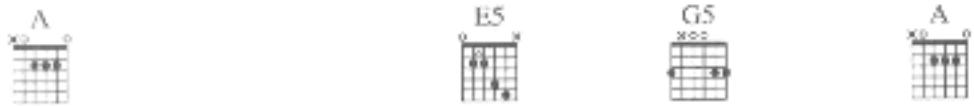
A


mf

Coda
 Hey, Bet - ty Lou - ise, Bet - ty Lou - ise.



 She ___ said, "I like cus - tard in the



 sum-mer, hon-ey." Oh, yeah ___ what it takes... to be Queen,



 hey, ___ what it takes... to be Queen, hey, ___



 what it takes ___ to be, ___ N.C.



 what it takes ___ to be, ___ Oh! ___





Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great, great fall, and
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

Humpty Dumpty and Betty Louise, well,
Stole a Sony and some Camembert cheese
And she said "Humpty baby, ah, take me,
Ooh yeah, take me to the river.
'Cause I like the way it runs, yeah,
Take me to the river, ah,
You know I like the way it runs, yeah!"



He said, "Ah, ooh, ev'rything's going my way."
He said, "Maybe it's my lucky day."
I said, "Oh, anything you want I can give."
She said, "I want to take your picture, man, just for me."
He said, "Anything."
She said, "Up there, baby, get on the wall, babe, ah."

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Looked at her as he was falling, and
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

Hey, Betty Louise, Betty Louise
She said, "I like custard in the summer, honey."
Oh yeah, what it takes to be Queen,
Hey, what it takes to be Queen,
Hey, what it takes to be, oh!



Sweet Dreams

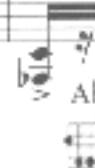
Words and Music by Tori Amos

1. "Lie, lie, __ lies ev-'ry-where," said the fa - ther to __ the son. Your
 2..3. (D.S.) See additional lyrics

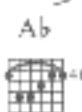
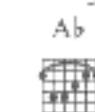
pep-per-mint breath gon-na choke 'em to death, Dad-dy watch your lit-tle black sheep run... He got a



kni, - kni, - knives in his back ev'-ry time he o - pens up. You say, "He



got-ta be strong if he wan-na be a man," Mister I don't know, how you can have



Sweet dreams,



sweet dreams,



4fr 4fr 4fr 4fr 4fr 4fr

You say, you say, you say — that you have 'em I say that you're a li - ar

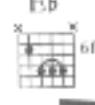
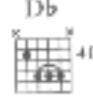
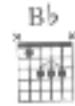
Bb Bb

Sweet dreams, —

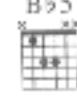
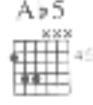
A \flat B \flat

Sweet dreams, —

A \flat B \flat



Go on, go on, go on,— go on and dream. Your house is on



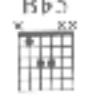
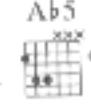
N.C.

fire.

Come a - long



to Coda ♩



D.S. al Coda ♩

— now.

—

⊖ Coda

Chord diagrams for the guitar part:

- Ab5
- Bb5
- Bb
- Ab
- Bb
- Ab (tr)

Lyrics: Sweet _____ dreams. _____

Additional lyrics

2. Land, land of liberty,
We're run by a constipated man.
When you live in the past
You refuse to see when your
daughter come home nine months pregnant.
With five billion points of light
gonna shine 'em on the face of your friends
They got the Earth in a sling,
They got the World on her knees,
They even got your zipper in between their teeth.

3. Well, well, summer wind been catching up with me.
"Elephant mind, Missy, you don't have
You forgettin' to fly,
Darlin', when you sleep."
I got a hazy, lazy Susan
takin' turns all over my dreams.
I got lizards and snakes runnin' through my body,
Funny how they all have my face.



"Lie, lie, lies ev'rywhere," said the father to the son.
Your peppermint breath gonna choke 'em to death,
Daddy watch your little black sheep run.
He got a knives in his back ev'ry time he opens up.
You say, "He gotta be strong if he wanna be a man."
Mister I don't know how you can have

Sweet dreams, sweet dreams.

Land, land of liberty
We're run by a constipated man.
When you live in the past
You refuse to see when your
Daughter come home nine months pregnant.
With five billion points of light
Gonna shine 'em on the face of your friends
They got the earth in a sling
They got world on her knees
They even got your zipper between their teeth.

Sweet dreams, sweet dreams.

You say, you say, you say that you have 'em, I say that you're a liar.
Sweet dreams, sweet dreams

Go on, go on, go on dream,
Your house is on fire.
Come along now.

Well, well, summer wind been catching up with me.
"Elephant mind, Missy you don't have
You forgettin' to fly,
Darlin', when you sleep."
I got a hazy, lazy Susan
Takin turns all over my dreams.
I got lizards and snakes runnin' through my body.
Funny how they all have my face.

Sweet dreams, sweet dreams.

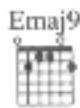
Black Swan

Words and Music by Tori Amos

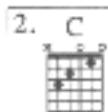
Slowly

N.C.

with pedal



Ride on, ride on, friends of the black swan.



I know they know some - thing.

mf

A



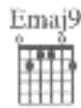
Asus4

mf

I,

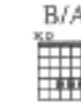
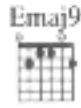
L,

I



know,

ah!



 A
 C/E
 D
 A

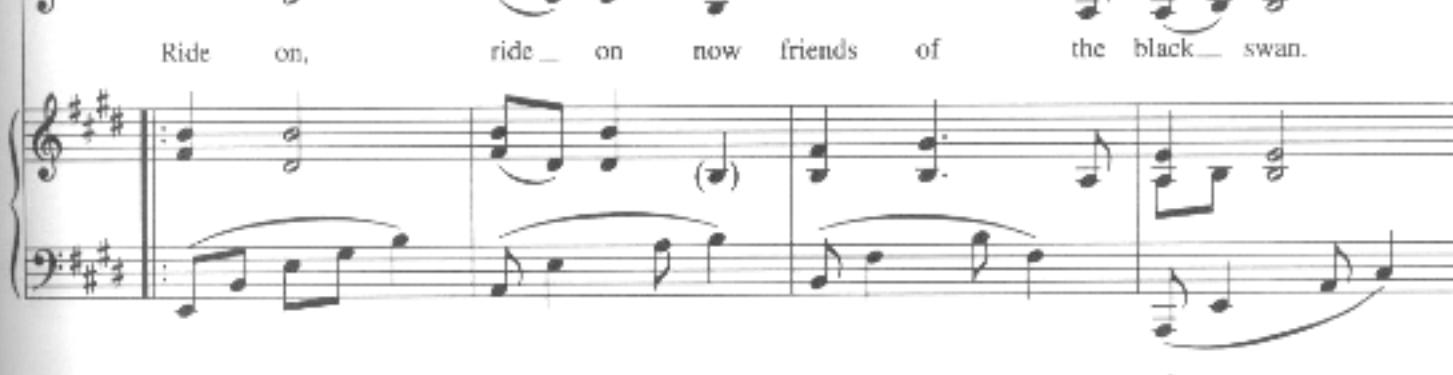


 C/G
 G
 A



 Emaj9
 B/A
 B
 Aadd9

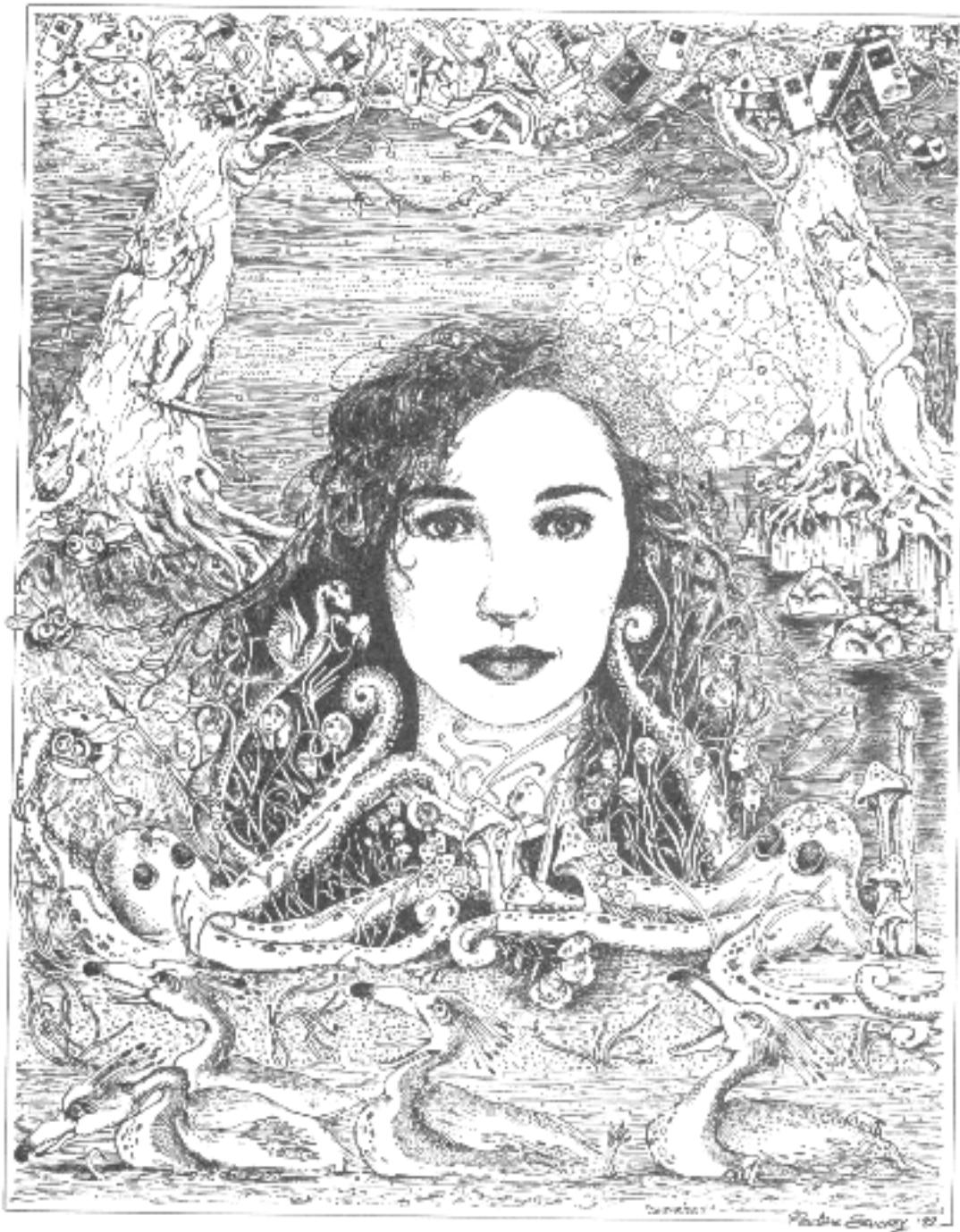
Ride on, ride on now friends of the black swan.



 Emaj9
 B/A
 B
 C#m9

Ride on, ride on you know where she's gone?





Ride on, ride on friends of the black swan.
Ride on, ride on do you know where she's gone?
Gumdrops and Saturdays, did Eric call by the way?
He knew, he knew, and he knew where the pillow goes.

Ride on, ride on friends of the black swan.
Ride on, ride on you know where she's gone.
Buttercups and fishing flies the biggest thickest ever sky.
I know they know something.
I know, ah!

Ride on, ride on now friends of the black swan.
Ride on, ride on you know where she's gone?

Little green men do O.K.,
It's the fairies' revenge they say,
And gumdrops and Saturdays, did Eric call by the way?

Mm, la la, ride on, ride on, ride on.

Honey

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately



with pedal



A lit-tle dust nev-er stopped me none.. he liked my shoes.. I kept them on..

Sheet music for 'Sometimes I Can Hold My Tongue' in G major, 4/4 time. The vocal part is in soprano range. The piano part includes a bass line. Chords shown in the top staff are E5, Em/G, C, and Bm/D. The lyrics are:

Some-times I can hold my tongue, some-times not. When you just

skip - to - loo, my dar - lin', And you know what you're do in so

— don't e - ven... You're just... too used to my hon-ey, now.

mp

Bm add9

You're just... too used to my hon-ey.

R.H.

Bm add9



E5



with pedal

Em/G



S

1. And I think I could leave your world,
 2. (D.S.) Turn back one last time,

C



Bm/D



E5



If she was the bet - ter girl.
 Love to watch those cow - boys ride.

with pedal

C

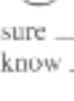


Bm/D

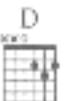


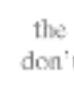
So when we died I tried to bribe the
 But cow-boys know cow - girls ride

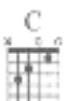
 un - der - tak - er.  'Cause I'm not sure 

 on the In - dian side. 

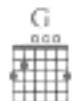
  

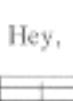
 what you're do - in' or  the rea - sons. 

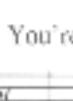
 what you're do - in' so  don't e - ven... 

 You're just _ too used _ to my hon-ey, now. 

 You're just _ too used _ to my hon-ey. 



C G Bm add9
 You're just _ too used _ to my hon-ey, now, _
 to Coda θ

G D A
 Don't both-er com-ing down,
 CRESC.

C G Em A
 I made a friend of the west - ern sky. Don't both-er com-ing down,

C G E5
 You al ways like your ba bies tight.



Ah! _____ Ah, _____

p

D.S. al Coda ♪

Ah! _____

♪ Coda

Bm add9



You're just ___ too used ___ to my hon-ey.

rit.



A little dust never stopped me none, he liked my shoes I kept them on.
Sometimes I can hold my tongue, sometimes not,
When you just skip-to-loo, my darlin',
And you know what you're doin' so don't even...

You're just too used to my honey, now.
You're just too used to my honey.

And I think I could leave your world,
If she was the better girl.
So when we died I tried to bribe the undertaker,
'Cause I'm not sure what you're doin' or the reasons.

You're just too used to my honey, now.
You're just too used to my honey.
Hey, yeah! You're just too used to my honey, now.

Don't bother coming down,
I made a friend of the western sky.
Don't bother coming down,
You always like your babies tight.

Turn back one last time, love to watch those cowboys ride.
But cowboys know cowgirls ride on the Indian side.
And you know what you're doin' so don't even...

You're just too used to my honey, now.
You're just too used to my honey.
Hey, yeah! You're just too used to my honey.
You're just too used to my honey, now.

Ode To The Banana King (Part 1)

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow



4

f L.H. 8vb throughout

1. Eb bass F bass 2. Eb bass F bass C5 Eb bass F bass



Turn - ing back - ten thou - sand years, - it's
Mon - ster man - a will - ing friend, -

mf

Fm/C

Csus4 C Csus4 C F5 Eb G bass

1.

all a blur where the tax is go. —
Lo - cy serves the mel-on cold. —

C B5 C5

Vi - vi - vi - olent and de - li - cious souls,

Four red trucks dressed il le - gal - ly. —

Fm/C

Csus4 C Csus4 C

Moth er knows how the bug le blows. —

Sheet music for a vocal and guitar piece. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the guitar part is in standard notation. Chords are indicated above the staff. The vocal part includes lyrics in a narrative style. The guitar part includes strumming patterns and specific chord shapes.

C5 Csus4 C F5

Gon-na get caught, gon-na get caught, gon-na get c - aught in her rug.

C5 C

babe. This is not a con-clu -

F C

- sion, No rev-o lu - tion, Just a lit - tle con-fu -

(8vb) f

sion On where your head has been. to Coda ♪

G5 F5 Eb5

mp

This musical score page contains a multi-part arrangement for a band. It includes parts for guitar, bass, and drums. The score is divided into several sections, each with its own set of musical staves and lyrics. Chords are indicated above the staves, and dynamic markings like 'f' (fortissimo) and 'mp' (mezzo-forte) are used. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, providing a narrative or thematic element to the piece.

  
C/E Csus4 C5 C5
   

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Boats made out . . .
 Crumbs you have.



of pap - er float, —
 lapped free - ly of, —

Dreams — made up —
 De - vi - ous.

  1.
 
2.
  

for the ba - nan - a king. —
 we all have been. —

Dar - ling!


1.
 
2.

D.S. al Coda ♪

Vi - vi - vi - o - lent
 and de - li - cious souls.

This is not a con - clu -
-

⊕ Coda



Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah! —



Ah, — ah!



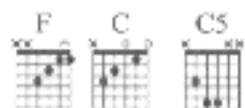
mp



Yeah!

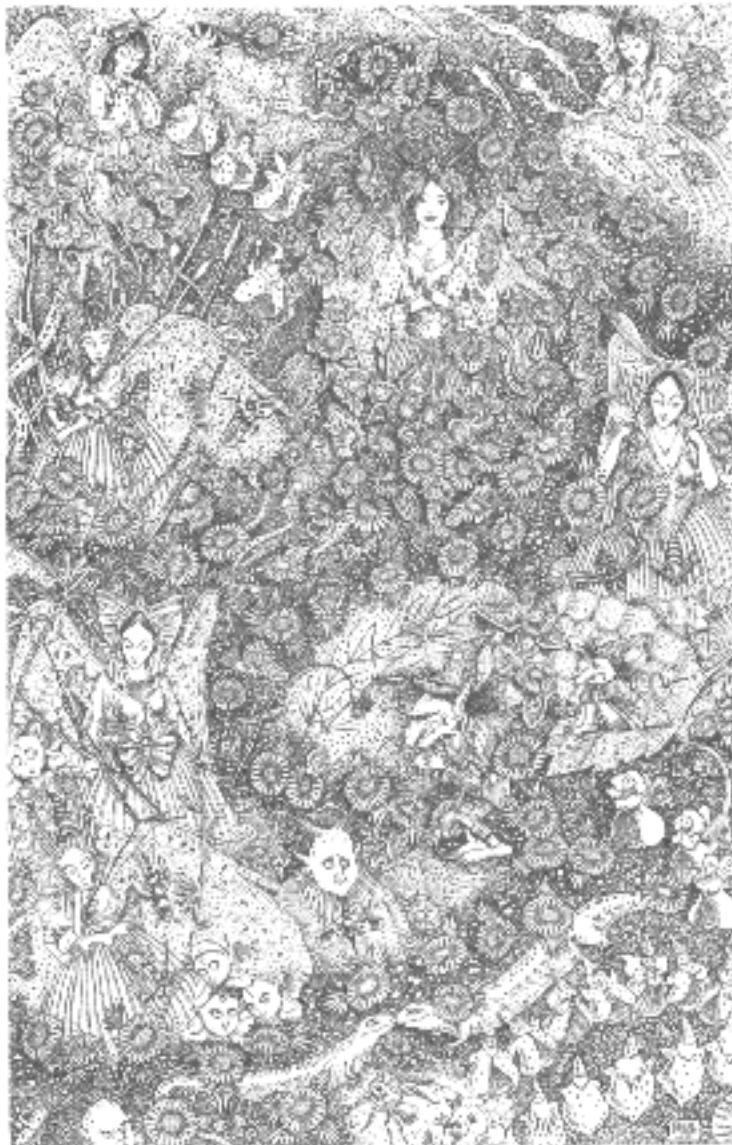


p



Na, na, na, na, na!





Turning back ten thousand years,
It's all a blur where the taxis go.
Monster man a willing friend,
Lucy serves the melon cold.

Violent and delicious souls.
Four red trucks dressed illegally.
Mother knows how the bugle blows.
Gonna get caught, gonna get caught,
Gonna get caught in her rug, babe.

This is not a conclusion,
No revolution,
Just a little confusion
On where your head has been.

Boats made out of paper float,
Dreams made up for the banana king. Darling!
Crumbs you have lapped freely of,
Devious we all have been.

Violent and delicious souls.
Violent and delicious souls,
This is not a conclusion,
No revolution,
Just a little confusion
On where your head has been.

Etienne

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, in 2









fields of Scot - land by your side.
 faced the fire side by side.
 Kicked out of
 Here we are a -

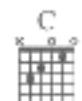


France,
 gain but I still be - lieve,
 un-der the same sky,
 tak-en to a
 as the -





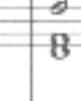
land far a - cross the sea.
 gyp - sy crys - tal slow - ly dies.



E - ti - enne,
 E - ti - enne,






Em  C  D  Em  C  D 

 Hear the west wind _____ whis - per my name. __

Em  C  D  Am 

 E - ti - enne, _____ E - ti - enne, __

G/B  G  C  D  Em  C  D  to Coda 

 By the morn - ing may - be we'll re - mem - ber who I

G 

 am. _____ L. G/C 

 May-be you're the

2. G/C



G



Yeah!

G/C

G

I close my

E7

Fadd9



eyes.

see you a - gain.

I know I've

E♭

Fadd9



D.S. al Coda ♫

held you but I can't re-mem - ber where or when.

Oh! —

B

G



⊕ Coda

101



am.



May-be I'm a



witch, name.

E - ti - enne.



repeat and fade

Whis - per - my



Maybe I'm a witch lost in time
Running through the fields of Scotland by your side.
Kicked out of France, but I still believe,
Taken to a land far across the sea.

Etienne, Etienne,
Hear the west wind whisper my name.
Etienne, Etienne,
By the morning maybe we'll remember who I am.

Maybe you're the knight who saved my life,
Maybe we faced the fire side by side.
Here we are again under the same sky,
As the gypsy crystal slowly dies.

Etienne, Etienne,
Hear the west wind whisper my name.
Etienne, Etienne,
By the morning maybe we'll remember who I am. Yeah!

I close my eyes, see you again.
I know I've held you but I can't remember where or when. Oh!

Etienne, Etienne,
Hear the west wind whisper my name.
Etienne, Etienne,
By the morning maybe we'll remember who I am.

Maybe I'm a witch, Etienne,
Whisper my name.

Floating City

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, with a strong beat

Ebm



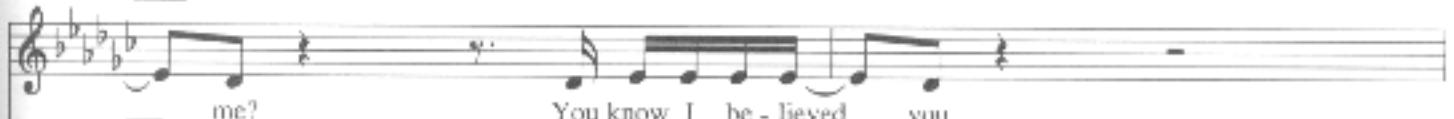
Ebm



1. You went ... a - way, ... why did you leave
 2. See additional lyrics
 3. Instrumental



D \flat

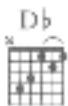


... me? You know I be - lieved ... you.





No - thing ex - plained, where are the an -



- swers?

I know I need you.

(end instrumental on D.S.)



Tell me is your cit - y paved with gold? -

3. See additional lyrics



Is there hun - ger, do your peop - le grow old?

Abm7



Bbm7



Do your gov - ern - ments have sec - rets that they've -

Ebm



sold?

Abm



Ev - 'ry night I wait, take me a - way to your

f

D♭



float - ing cit - y. By my win - dow at night I see the

3

A^{bm}


 lights _ to your float - ing cit - y. Come and take _ me a - way.

D^b


A^{bm}


 1 want to play _ in your float - ing cit - y.

G^b


 Yeah! 1. D^b


 Yeah!

E^{bm}


- - -

8

2.

3.

D.S. to Chorus, fade

Float - ing cit - y.

Additional lyrics

2. T.V. turns off
Any of us that
Say that we've seen you.
Tell me are we
The only planet
That can't conceive you.
Will we be like Atlantis long ago,
So assured that we're advanced
With what we know
That our spirit never had time to grow.

3. Is it weak to look for
Saviors out in space,
Little Earth she tries so hard
To change our ways.
Sometimes she must get
Sick of this place.



You went away,
Why did you leave me?
You know I believed you.
Nothing explained,
Where are the answers?
I know I need you.
Tell me is your city paved with gold?
Is there hunger,
Do your people grow old?
Do your governments have secrets that they've sold?

Ev'ry night I wait, take me away
To your floating city.
By my window at night
I see the lights to your floating city.
Come and take me away,
I want to play in your floating city.
Yeah!
Floating city, Yeah!

T.V. turns off
Any of us that
Say that we've seen you.
Tell me are we
The only planet
That can't conceive you.
Will we be like Atlantis long ago,
So assured that we're advanced
With what we know
That our spirit never had time to grow.

Is it weak to look for
Saviors out in space.
Little Earth she tries so hard
To change our ways.
Sometimes she must get
Sick of this place.

Baltimore

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast

E♭maj7



A♭add9



E♭

A♭

A♭/G

Fm7

A♭/B♭

It's so nice to live — here, I'm glad this is — my home..

E♭

B♭/D

A♭/C

E♭/B♭

I've got a home - stead on Bal - ti - more street it's

some-place to call my own. It's all kinds of peo-ple,

Ab/C Eb/Bb Ab Eb/G Fm7 N.C.

fa-mil-iar plac-es, smil-ing fac-es. I'm proud to say I'm a Bal-ti-

Bb9sus4 Eb/G

mor-i-an. But the 'Birds' are the best, the

F7 Bb9sus4 Bb7

best of Bal-ti-more.

E♭ maj7

We like it here — in Bal - ti - more. There's so much love — in Bal -

Dm7

ti - more. Work ing hand in hand to

(R.H.)

Fm7

make this place — a bet - ter land — in Bal - ti - more.

B♭9sus4

E♭ maj7

E♭

Love is what — you'll find — so



to Coda ♪

1.

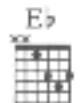


stop and take the time.

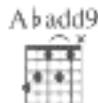
I've got Ori-ole base-ball

stop and take the time.

I've got Ori-ole base-ball



on my mind.



to en-

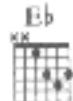


joy the broth-er-hood

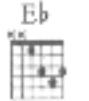
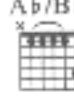
of Bal-ti-more.

joy the broth-er-hood

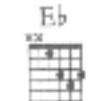
of Bal-ti-more.

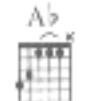
The

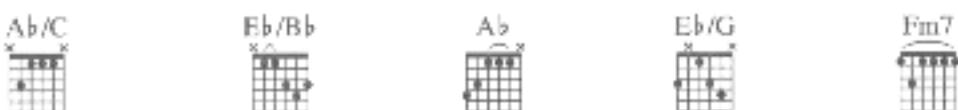
sun sets a - cross the bay — I'm glad I spend — my day —

— In a working A - mer - i - can cit - y with all the

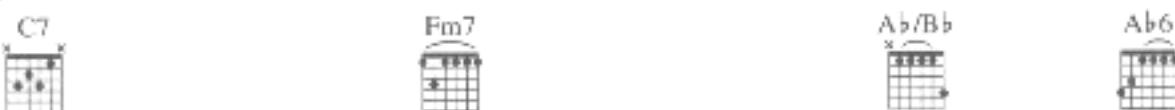
peo-ple who make — it that — way. — It's time to jump in a tax - i


 for Thir - ty third Street know-ing I'll be watch-ing those 'Birds'


 D.S. al Coda ♪


 go, _____ watch-ing Weav - er's show. _____

⊕ Coda


 'Cause I've got O - ri - ole base - ball on my


 on my

Gm7  C  Fm7 

 mind. On my mind _ in

8  8 

 Ab/Bb  Eb  Fm7  Ab/Bb 

 Bal - ti - more, Bal - ti -

8  8 

 Eb  Fm7  Ab/Bb  Eb add9 

 more, Bal - ti - more,

8  8 

 Fm7  Ab/Bb  Eb add9  Fm7  Ab/Bb  Eb 

 rit. Bal - ti - more, Bal - ti - more.

8  8 

 rit. Bal - ti - more.



It's so nice to live here,
I'm glad this is my home.
I've got a homestead on Baltimore Street
It's someplace to call my own.

It's all kinds of people,
Familiar places, smiling faces.
I'm proud to say I'm a Baltimorian.
But the 'Birds' are the best,
The best of Baltimore.

We like it here in Baltimore.
There's so much love in Baltimore.
Working hand in hand
To make this place a better land in Baltimore.
Love is what you'll find so stop and take the time.
I've got Oriole baseball on my mind.

We like it here in Baltimore.
There's so much love in Baltimore.
Working hand in hand
To make this place a better land in Baltimore.
Love is what you'll find so stop and take the time
To enjoy the brotherhood of Baltimore.

The sun sets across the bay
I'm glad I spend my day
In a working American city
With all the people who make it that way.
It's time to jump in a taxi
For Thirty-third Street
Knowing I'll be watching those 'Birds' go,
Watching Weaver's show.

We like it here in Baltimore.
There's so much love in Baltimore.
Working hand in hand
To make this place a better land in Baltimore.
Love is what you'll find so stop and take the time.
I've got Oriole baseball on my mind.

On my mind in Baltimore.

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